A peereleſſe Paragon,

OR,

Few ſo chaſt, ſo beautious or ſo faire, for with my love I think none can compare.

To the tune of *the mother beguild the daughter.*

IN times of yore, ſure men did doate,
and beauty neuer knew:
Elſe women were not of that note,
as daily come to view.
For read of all the faces then
that did moſt bright ly ſhine,
Be iudg'd by all true iudging men,
they were not like to mine.

King Pryam loued Hecuba,
and thought her wondrous faire,
But had he ſéene mine, I dare ſay
there had béene no compare.
Stout Hector held Andromicha
a ſtately beautious Quéene,
But ſhes, no Troylus Creſſida,
yet faire as ere was ſéene:

Nay all the faces Jupiter
did like and phanſie moſt,
Are to her ſubſtance ſhadowes méere
of whom I make my boaſt:
Surely you wonder what ſhe is,
whoſe beauty I proclaime,
Ile tell you truely, and not miſſe
though ſhe be without name.

My loue ſhée is the Non-pareil
of all that ere was ſéene,
And had not Venus come i'th way
ſhée had béen beauties Quéene:
Her comely feature, louely lookes,
I will deſcribe at large,
God Cupid puts her in his bookes,
and of this Jem takes charge.

The Grecian Helen was a Moore,
compar'd with my deare Saint,
The faire fac'd Hyren's beauty poore,
and yet ſhée does not paynt,
Andromeda whom Perſeus lou'd,
was blacker then the night,
Her lineaments ſo well approu'd
in praiſe of them ile write.

Quéene Veſta for her chaſtitie
with her may not compare,
Nor Lucrece for her honeſtie,
ſhée's like the Phenix rare:
A Sommers day I could commend
her parts were't nere ſo long,
But yet her parts ſo farre extend,
I feare to doe her wrong.

45. b. 28. 296.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.

BRITISH MUSEUM

BVt yet my tongue cannot refraine
to ſet her prayſes forth;
Then liſt, and ile deſcribe her plaine
and ſhow you her true worth:
Her haire not like the golden wire
but black as any Crow;
Her beetle browes, all men admire,
her forehead wondrous low.

Her ſquinting, ſtaring, goggle eyes
poze children doe affright,
Her noſe is of the Sarazens ſize,
oh ſhée's a matchleſſe wight.
Her eares ſo hound like, that they fall
vpon her ſhoulder bone,
I know not truly how to call
her, ſhée's ſuch a worthy one.

Her ouen mouth, wide open ſtands,
her téeth like rotten peaſe;
Her blabber lips my heart commands,
her neck all bit with fleas:
Her tawnie duggs like two great hills,
hang Sow-like to her waſt,
Her bodie's round as a wind mill,
and yet I hold her chaſt.

Her belly tun-like to behold,
no more ſhall be expreſt,
But if the truth were plainely told,
I'm ſure they are the beſt:
Her brawnie blind cheéks plump and
as any Horſe of war, (round

Her ſpeckled thighs they are not ſound
her knées like hoggs heads are.

Her leggs are like the Elephants,
the calfe and ſmall all one,
Her ancles they together méet,
and ſtill knock bone to bone;
Her pretty foot not 'boue th'eighteénes
ſo ſplaid as neuer was,
An excellent vſher for a man
that walks the dewy graſſe.

Her ſhoulders are ſo Camel-like,
ſhée'd make an excellent Porter,
I vow I neuer knew her like.
if any man conſort her.
No ſhoulder of mutton like her hand
for thicknes, breadth, and fat,
With a ſcuruy mange vpon her wriſt,
oh Ioue how I loue that.

Thus haue you heard my Loue ſet forth
and yet no flatterie vſ'd,
Your iudgement, is ſhée not of worth,
let her not be abuſ'd.
If any to her haue a mind,
hée wrongs mée many waies;
For as ſhées beautious, ſo ſhées kind;
and here conclude my praiſe.

FINIS.

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